

# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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For the Herald and Journal.

## WINTER.

Thou art here again, old Winter, with thy voice and song unaltered,  
The hills are crowned with white, and the valleys are covered o'er;  
There's not a forest leaf that the summer zephyr failed to scatter,  
But through the naked branches the bare boughs are bare.

And yet how fair and glorious was this array this morning!  
The rain and frost together had been working through the night,  
The gloomy hours of darkness they had silently been forming  
A scene of fairy loveliness to greet the dawn of light.

The slightest shrub in Nature with transparent ice encrusted,  
Shone in the liquid sunlight like pearls of value rare;  
The trees and thickets glittered with the gems to them entrusted,  
The hill-sides and the meadow-lands were like a mirror fair.

And brilliant rays promissive through the forest depths were glancing,  
The myriad pendant scales reflecting every hue;  
Along its winding pathway the light stream was dancing,  
As little as when the summer flowers upon its bosom grew.

To-night thou wast, Winter, all thy gloomy, dreary features,  
The rain and hail are rattling on the frosty window pane;  
Ah! is thy coming welcome to the poor neglected creature  
Who have no cover from the storm, no shelter from the rain?

The homeless beggar lingers at the rich man's dwelling,  
Through cold and hunger, the piercing steel still drives him to the door;  
Again thou dost, old Winter, with thy gloomy, dreary features,  
Ascend to the Holy One who sits upon the storm.

I could weep thee, homeless Winter, for thy bracing breath gives vigor  
To the form that droops and sickens 'neath the wintry storm;  
I could welcome thy chill aspect, for thy cold, relentless rigor  
Brings back the youthful buoyancy and strength of other days.

I could mourn thy transient empire, did thy coming not awaken  
Fancies that for aye prevent the homeless wanderer's form;  
O who will feed the hungry? who will comfort the forsaken?  
Who give to age and penury a refuge from the storm?

Huron, Ct., Dec. 7.

For the Herald and Journal.

## "NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE."

OUR WORK.

That is right. Tell "Coke" he has hit the nail on the head. Many thanks. He spoke for me, and gave utterance to growing and oppressive convictions of my own soul, for the last six months. Let the reader turn back to the Herald of Dec. 4th, and read over again his first paragraph. Speaking of the call upon the M. E. Church to enlarge itself, he says:—

"But there are other fields for us to enter and cultivate; Christianity is aggressive, and so is Methodism—which is all the outgoing of a pure Christianity, all 'in earnest.' Now we must have churches in every important neighborhood within our bounds. And more; we must visit as did our fathers, the sparse school districts, and preach in the school-houses, barns, kitchens, groves and orchards, and win the people to God."

These few lines, if well appreciated by the Methodist community of New England, would become a magazine of moral power, imparting to itself very soon an entirely new aspect. There ought to be established to-morrow in the M. E. Church a thousand new Methodist meetings. This demand is to be found in the largest cities, small cities, villages and country towns. Does the reader ask why? I answer, because there are not enough Methodist meetings. But it is said those already established are not crowded. Truly, and never will be; still more are needed—needed now.

Because, thousands on thousands do not, will not. Some live remote, some too poor to buy or rent seats, and too proud to depend on gratuitous seating, while others feel they are too poorly clad to appear in fashionable assemblies. All these classes, I need not say, constitute a large portion of the community. Yet many of these hunger for the bread of life, and die for lack of knowledge, who would gladly hear it in their own school-houses, dining-rooms and kitchens.

Not a few of these proposed new meetings are needed within a stone's throw of many of our splendid churches, in the heart of our populous cities. Then what are their suburbs? Moral wastes, inviting missionary labor, on ground soon to be the very bowels of these spreading cities. Now is the time to plant there, to save souls and save the ground.

New England Methodism in this particular, has fallen into a wrong line of march. To establish new meetings is not so much thought of, as to divide old ones. How difficult the latter! What society ever feels itself able to divide? Long and tedious discussions, followed by alienations, often kill such enterprises. Then how slow and careful about new meetings! It will not do to begin till a society is in existence strong enough to build a church and support a preacher; but as few such societies are found ready-made, we open new meetings.

What if we should try another policy. Go into all these places, city and country, especially the growing places, where a few people are bound and a few children not connected with other meetings, and commence a Sabbath School. No matter how small the beginning—with a prospect—but begin. Invite the children and their parents to this meeting. Then in connection with the Sabbath School preach one sermon per day at least, even if the attendance is small, and let it be by some accredited local preacher. If this commencement occurs under very unfavorable circumstances, it may be well to have these services at an hour not to conflict with other meetings. Thus begun, these meetings can be carried on and increased as the providence of God indicates; the preacher in charge saving the entire oversight, and providing as best he can for these supplies. In most of these cases in a little time, by regular attention, good congregations will be gathered, souls will be converted, soon little chapels can be built plain and cheap, may be free—all the better—and the people give their "penny collection," and thus acquire the habit of giving something for privileges, to grow with their ability. How soon would numerous such beginnings become central and powerful churches.

What a field lies open in New England for such an enterprise! Read "Coke" over again. God will bless the preaching of his free salvation and the people will come to hear it, where the moral death of Calvinism, the ideal vagaries of Unitarian Transcendentalism, the senseless mummeries of "the church," and mockery of Universalism leave the souls of the people to perish.

This scheme is practicable. "Coke" says it will cost money. Not much; and if it did, what then? Set all the local preachers at work in this business. There are more than a thousand of them now suffering, for just such work. Nowhere in all the dominions of Methodism on this continent or the others, are our local preachers so idle as in New England; idle, because no work is assigned them; yet nowhere have they more talent or more facilities. Set them at this work, and without pay, as they do in Europe and our Middle States—let them preach, or take away their licenses and give no more. English local preachers not unfrequently preach twice and three times on the Sabbath, and walk from ten to fifteen miles, and never expect a money reward.

Thousands of well educated, young and middle aged people who are pious, are competent

and in waiting to take charge of, and teach in these Sabbath Schools; more of such in New England than any other place. The people here, living more compactly, are more easily collected for worship than elsewhere. What is there, then, in the way of such a scheme? What facility is lacking? God calls. Here is a new mission for our beloved Methodism; and if we do it not, she will be superseded. Let nothing, not even education, divert her attention from this subject.

I assert three things of New England Methodism: 1. It is far ahead of Methodism in all other places in its educational interests. 2. It is far behind Wesleyan Methodism, and Episcopal Methodism in our Middle States, in denominational zeal and enterprise in carrying its conquests into "the regions beyond" itself. 3. It is doing less for the masses, and especially the poor, in proportion to its ability, than anywhere else. Kind reader, don't be angry at these bold assertions, till you have examined the subject at least.

Bro. "Coke," if you have set Bro. Raymond to agitating about a new school-house, "all right;" God bless the good man in so good a work; but can you not somewhere invoke a sleeping Jonah, to assist you in agitating this other subject, which it seems to the writer, just now should take precedence of all others. This is a serious and momentous question; who will give it thought and movement? Why not you, Mr. Editor, now that your "pen is in ink" on great questions. Give us one blast of your clarion that shall call to arms the hosts of God's elect against the powers of darkness, the whole length of the Atlantic coast—a blast that shall out-echo old Fabian's tin horn, that makes music for "The old man of the mountain."

Mount Prospect, Dec. 11. OBSERVER.

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE BLACKSMITH WELL PAID.

Bro. STEVENS:—Being some weeks ago in the city of Providence, R. I., we stepped into a blacksmith's shop to have a little chat with a good Methodist brother. We found him engaged shoeing an ox. After conversation on subjects of higher importance, we inquired of Sammy Hicks' relative (in trade only we mean) if he would be willing to shoe the ox, receiving in pay for the same one grain of corn for the first nail, four for the second and so forth, continuing this ratio until the last of the 32 nails. Without a moment's hesitancy he replied, "I should be glad to do so—I should never need to shoe another." A friend who had accompanied us—an educated man—smiled at what he supposed our blacksmith's ignorance of figures. His impression was, that the man of the anvil knew more about "fixing a shoe" than of working geometrical progression. But how our man of "ledger" and "day book" did stare—how incredulous did he look when informed that the nail warehouses in Providence would not furnish sufficient accommodation for "housing the corn!" Well, sir, here we left the matter—Vulcan laughing and Quillman doubting.

Having much affection for our two friends, uncomfortably fat with laughing, or the other shere blue with doubting, we have tried to settle the matter in dispute between them by placing it in something like sober shape. The following is the result of our shoeing:

At the above rate of payment the shoeing of this ox will cost 6,006,709,597,349,487,701 grains of corn. If we reckon 82,944 grains to the bushel, we have 72,418,856,051,668 bushels. If we sell this corn at 60 cents a bushel it will yield us \$43,451,313,631,000. If we estimate 40 bushels to weigh one ton, and should we export this corn to "foreign parts" in vessels of 1,000 tons burthen, 18,104,740,012 such vessels will be required. Suppose we estimate the average length of these vessels at 140 feet. Let us now arrange them in one continuous line—ship touching ship—and they will extend 480,045,826 miles. Or we might place these ships 200 abreast, and in this form—ship touching ship lengthwise—they would encompass the world nearly 100 times!

Now should our good friend receive his pay—of which, however, he entertains some doubt—he will take therefrom \$1,000,000 for "domestic purposes," for he has somewhere read, "He that provideth not for his own," &c. Now he has no desire to procure for himself so odious a character. The rest he leaves at our disposal. He expresses himself as having entire confidence in our "ability" and "honesty" to do the thing which is "right." Having then been installed as executor for the richest man in the world, our "ability" for the business confided to our care shall be shown by first helping *ourselves* to a trifle, for we long since subscribed to the deservedly popular creed, "Charity begins at home." None will presume to question our honesty when we express ourselves as "amply compensated" with the very modest sum of \$2,000,000. But some mean souls will perhaps object, "You help yourself to double the amount you allow your employer." "And what of that, then?" It would not speak very well for our *tact*, as "a limb of the law," what-ever might be said in behalf of our *honesty*, and we not become much richer than any of our clients. So that winning scandal may just "shut up." We shall look well to our "tact" and "fee." Our client is pledged for our "honesty."

And now with the surplus we will accomplish wonders. For though we believe "Charity begins at home," we never supposed it ought to stop there. To every nation of the earth—monarchical or republican—we would say, "If you will for the future abstain from bloodshed"—the fruitful source of national bankruptcy—"come to our treasury and free yourselves from your millions of national liabilities." To those engaged in the Missionary enterprise we say, "come to our coffers." Take sufficient to enable you to build churches and school-houses in, and send forth Bibles, ministers and teachers to every part of our *benighted* world. Plant the standard of the cross in every clime. Preach the doctrines of reconciliation in every tongue. To the lovers of learning the same invitation is extended. Enlarge your plans, and extend your sphere of usefulness as far as possible. Our resources will sustain you. The good Samaritan and the philanthropist will please draw near. Your sympathies and plans have long been too big for your resources. We have more than sufficient for your most enlarged schemes of beneficence. Now after meeting all these applications, our wealth is still beyond computation; we would therefore notify all the needy and deserving—whether individuals or corporations—to "send in their name" or "card" to the editor of Zion's Herald, and as soon as we shall receive the full amount of our *shoeing bill*, their applications shall be promptly attended to. R. DONKERSLEY.

Osterville, Mass., Dec. 13.

For the Herald and Journal.

## SPRINGFIELD WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

The examination of the pupils of this flourishing institution, made before the Board of Visitors at the close of the fall term, was one highly creditable, not only to the principal and his assistants, but also to the large class of young ladies and gentlemen in attendance. This examination was conducted to the entire satisfaction of the Board, evincing on the part of the different teachers, a thorough, practical knowledge of the various branches by them attempted to be taught, displaying on their part a peculiar aptitude to teach by demonstrations and plain familiar illustrations, and on the part of the pupils a remarkable promptness and precision in answering the various questions proposed, that could not have been acquired but by a close and rigid application to the different studies pursued.

We would by no means be invidious in our remarks to any, but cannot do justice to our own feelings without a particular allusion to the large class in physiology. Upon this new, interesting, and, we think, highly important branch, the examination proved on the part of the class, an application and proficiency that would have been creditable to some older and more advanced scholars. Some general knowledge of the geography of our country, the location and extent of its principal rivers, mountains, and lakes, its soil, climate, and natural products, together with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, has been long deemed indispensable in almost any situation in life; particularly so to such as make any pretensions to literature—but until quite recently no thought has been entertained, that a knowledge of the peculiar construction of our own bodies was of the least moment, or even suitable for the common scholar, but designed only for the physician and anatomist. We require, too, of those who become, or offer to, instructors of our youth, some knowledge of the heavenly bodies, their distances from the earth, their revolutions, densities, and the influence exerted by each on the other, so far as known, by the powers of attraction and repulsion, and a great variety of interesting and useful facts, to be ignorant of which would be quite disreputable; but to "know them" they are not required to know. "We have scarce attracted a passing notice. We think the study one of very great importance, eminently calculated to lead the mind of the student to profitable reflections, and cultivate a devotional state of mind towards the Author of our being. In view of these and many other considerations we might mention, we cheerfully recommend a continuance of this branch of instruction in our school.

The closing exercise of the term was an exhibition, in which quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen participated, furnishing to a large and evidently delighted audience an intellectual treat of an entertaining and instructive character, and highly creditable to the individuals taking part in the performances.

The gentlemanly and courteous bearing of the students towards each other and especially towards the teachers, was gratifying and pleasing. The closing exercise of the term was an exhibition, in which quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen participated, furnishing to a large and evidently delighted audience an intellectual treat of an entertaining and instructive character, and highly creditable to the individuals taking part in the performances.

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## O'ER THE HILL.

BY REV. RALPH HOLT.

One morning as he wended  
Through a path bedight with flowers,  
Where all delights were blended  
To beguile the fleeting hours,  
Sweet youth, pray turn thee hither,  
Said a voice along the way,  
Ere all these roses wither,  
And these fair fruits decay.

But the youth paused not to ponder,  
If the voice were good or ill,  
For, said he, my home is yonder—  
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

Again, high noon was glowing  
On a wide and weary plain,  
And there, right onward going,  
Was the traveler again.  
He seemed another being  
Than the morning's rosy youth,  
But I quickly knew him, seeing  
His unaltered brow of truth.

Rest, stranger, rest still even,  
Sung alluring voices still;  
But he cried—my rest is heaven!  
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

The shades of night were creeping  
A sequestered valley o'er,  
Where a dark, deep stream was sweeping,  
By a dim and silent shore;  
And there the pilgrim, bending  
With the burden of the day,  
Was seen, still onward wending  
Through a "strait and narrow way."

He passed the gloomy river  
As it were a gentle mill,  
And rested—longer here!  
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

## IMAGINARY EVILS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;  
Leave things of the future to fate;  
What's the use to anticipate sorrow—  
Life's troubles can never too late!

If to hope overmuch be an error,  
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;  
And how often have hearts been in terror  
Of evils—that never occurred!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—  
Permit not suspicion and care  
With invisible hosts to enchain thee,  
But bear what God gives thee to bear.

By his Spirit supported and gladdened,  
Be he'er by "forebodings" deterred;  
But think of how hearts have been saddened  
By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;  
Short and dark as our life may appear,  
We may make it still darker by sorrow—  
Still shorter by folly and fear!

Half our troubles are half our invention,  
And often from blessings conferred  
Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension  
Of evils—that never occurred!

## SKETCHES.

## HANDEL AND GEORGE II.

[A FRAGMENT FROM THE GERMAN OF LYSER.]

Handel sat in his little room absorbed in his composition. Once more he proved each note most carefully—at times he smiled at a fine passage and then again he looked grave when he met with a part that did not quite satisfy him, and which he struck out upon reflection and afterwards amended. At length he gazed long, so long, indeed, upon the last "Amen"—that a tear fell upon a note.

"This note," said he solemnly, in casting his eyes to heaven, "this note is, perhaps, my best! Receive it, thou Almighty and loving Spirit! Receive it as my best thanks for this work! Lord! Thou hast given to me, and that which proceeds from thee remains, though all that is earthly passes away—Amen."

Having finished, he strode up and down the room for a few moments, and then took a seat in his easy chair with clasped hands, happy in dreaming of his youth—his home. Kellerman, towards evening, came to see him, with the view to accompany him to their usual rendezvous. Handel received him warmly, more so than was his wont. They spoke a long time of their fatherland, of their science, and the great masters in their country. But at length they had to remember that their friends were waiting for them at the tavern.

"Well, friend," cried Hogarth, "did Bedford not assist you, and are you, notwithstanding that, just as fine a fellow as before?"

Handel nodded, good naturedly smiling, and took his usual place.

"Yes," continued Hogarth, "you are lucky now, old fellow! you date no longer sorrow; but I, poor devil, had luck with my last work."

"You?" asked Handel, astonished, "you whose fame increases from day to day?"

"It has room to do so," replied Hogarth, vexed, "since they laughed at me. You remember a long time ago, when Lady, painted by Correggio, was sold here at auction for ten thousand guineas, I said that if any one would give me ten thousand guineas I would paint something just as good. Lord Grosvenor took me up. I went to work, put every thing else aside, painted and painted a whole year, at last the picture is ready, I take it to his lordship, he calls his friends, and as I said before, they all laughed at me. I had to take my picture away, and added to that, received at home a scolding from my wife."

"They all laughed, excepting Handel, who was silent a time and then said, 'Hogarth, you are an honest fellow, but often horribly dumb. You cannot judge of the Italian painters; for, in the first place, their style is different from yours, and you do not even know their best works. Had you been in Italy as I have, especially in Rome, where the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo abound, you would learn to respect the old Italian masters, and even love and venerate them as I do the old Italian church composers. The modern painters are all more or less like in their style.'

"Enough said," cried Hogarth, "we will not dispute about it; but tell us rather how you are satisfied with the singers and actors, and whether you think they will perform their parts well to-morrow."

"Not one will do his part badly," replied Handel; "I made them work hard, and my pupil Joseph was of great assistance in making them study. The first soprano is very indifferent, which I regret on account of several fine parts. At that moment Joseph Wach looked in the door, and requested one word with Mr. Handel."

"Well, what is the matter now?" asked Handel, getting up and going out. His friend looked smilingly upon one another, and the host, sitting in his easy chair, laughed outright. Joseph conducted Handel hurriedly up to his room, where, to his little astonishment, he found Ellen, the pretty daughter of their host.

"Well, what does this mean?" he asked somewhat angrily. "What have you to do, Miss Ellen, in the room of this young man?"

"That he may tell you, Mr. Handel," she replied, and turned blushing away. But Joseph spoke honest-heartedly, "Only think no evil

of me or of Miss Ellen, my dear master." "Well, then," grumbled Handel, "open your mouth and speak." Joseph continued: "For what I am, and all that I can do, I thank you, my beloved master. You received me a stranger without means; to educate me as a true vocalist, you stunted yourself of many hours, in which you might have created something."

"Ho ho! you fool," laughed Handel, "think you it is not creating to educate a fine singer?" "It is not true! I thank you for every thing." "Well, but everything else I thank you for!" "And even if you do, what of it, then?" "Well, see, master, it always troubled me when you had to worry yourself beyond measure with the bad singers." "Yes; that is indeed a pity," sighed Handel. "Therefore I have endeavored," continued Joseph, "to train for you a singer—I believe I have so far succeeded, that she dare let herself be heard before you. There she stands," (pointing to Ellen.) Handel opened wide his eyes, gazed astonished at the girl, and asked slowly: "Ellen!—she?" "Yes, I," cried Ellen, turning towards him and regarding him with her pure, dark brown eyes. "I," she repeated, smiling, "and now you know, Mr. H., what Joseph and I have been about." "Dare she sing before you, Master H.?" asked Joseph. "I shall wonder how your method of instruction has succeeded," said Handel, taking a seat. "For aught I care, let her sing." Joseph sprang gaily to the piano; Handel stepped near him and began. Ha! how indescribable were the feelings of Handel; how he listened, when he recognized the beautiful, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

And how well Ellen sang, the reader may imagine; for when she finished, Handel sat still, blissfully smiling, his large fiery eyes full of tears of deep, thoughtful emotion. At length he breathed strongly, stood up, kissed the girl's forehead, kissed her eyes, that sparkled with bright tears, and asked, in the mildest tone, "Ellen, good child, will you not sing this piece to-morrow?"

"Master Handel! Father Handel!" the maiden cried in the deepest emotion, and threw herself into his arms, sobbing aloud. The next day the performance of his immortal masterpiece succeeded beyond expectation. Handel's fame could not now be shaken. As he left the church a royal equipage awaited him, which took him, in accordance with the command of the king to Carlton house. George II. received the German artist, surrounded by his whole court. "Well, H.," he said friendly, "it must be true that you have made us a fine present of your Messiah; it is a grand work."

"It is!" asked H., and looked pleased at the king. "I say it," added George, "and now tell me, what can I do to express to you my thanks." "Well, then," said H., "if your Majesty will give the young man who sang tenor or solo a situation I will thank your Majesty greatly. He is a scholar of mine, this Joseph Wach, and he much desires to marry the pretty Miss Ellen, his pupil; her father offers no opposition, but her mother will not consent, on account of his having no situation, and your Majesty knows that it is hard to contend with a woman." "You are mistaken," replied George, endeavoring to repress a smile. "I know nought of such matters; Joseph is, however, from to-day first tenor in our chapel." "Try!" Handel exclaimed, joyfully, "now, then, I thank your Majesty with my very heart."

George was silent for a few moments, with a view to Handel's again addressing him. "But, Handel, will you not desire anything for yourself, as you have given us to-day so great an entertainment with your Messiah, we should like to show ourselves thankful to you." Handel's cheeks became flushed with anger, and he answered with a thundering voice, "Sire, I did not wish to entertain, I wished to instruct you."

The court stood aghast. King George stepped a few steps back and gazed astonished at the bold artist. But of a sudden, he burst into a hearty laugh, and said, "Handel, you are, and always will be, a rude old fellow, (clapping him on the shoulder,) but a good one! Go, do what you please, we will always remain true friends." He bowed. Handel then took leave, and thanked God when he was out of Carlton house, and hastened to his snug little tavern.

The joy the good news gave to the lovers, Joseph and Ellen, it is scarcely necessary to describe. Also, the many demonstrations of gratitude with which they threatened to overwhelm him. The host of the snug tavern, and father of Ellen, hugged and kissed his good wife, although she scolded and struggled in his arms, and he shouted, "Bess! to-day we must agree, even should all the bells in old England set to ringing in consequence."

Handel traveled for ten years about England, and composed many great works. Ellen and Joseph were with him during the last years of his life, and he it was who transcribed his last compositions as he dictated them. Ellen nursed and comforted him until his spirit fled. Proud and majestic stands, in Westminster, Handel's marble monument. Time may destroy it; but that memorial which he created, under a high and holy inspiration, (the Messiah,) will remain forever.

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

## THE FAMILY.

Among the foremost are the domestic sentiments and feelings. The family is now, more than ever, the first element and the last rampart of society. Whilst, in general society, everything becomes more and more mobile, personal and transient, it is in domestic life that the demand for permanency and the feeling of the necessity of sacrificing the present to the future is indestructible. It is in domestic life that the ideas and the virtues which form a counterpoise to the excessive and ungoverned movement excited in the great centres of civilization, are formed. The tumult of business and pleasure, temptation and strife, which reigns in our great cities, would soon throw the whole of society into a deplorable state of ferment and dissolution, if domestic life, with its calm activity, its permanent interests, and its fixed property, did not oppose solid barriers throughout the country to the restless waves of this stormy sea. It is in the bosom of domestic life and under its influences, that private, the basis of public morality, is most securely maintained. There, too, and in our days, there almost exclusively, the affections of our nature—friendship, gratitude, and self-devotion—all the ties which unite hearts in the sense of a common destiny, grow and flourish. The time has been, when, under other forms of society, these private affections found a place in public life; when devoted attachments strengthened political connection. These times are past, never to return. In the vast, and complicated, and ever-moving society of our days, general interests and principles, the sentiments of the masses and the combinations of parties, have the entire possession and direction of public life. The private affections are too delicate to be exposed to the influence of the over the conflicts of that pitiless life. But it is never without serious injury that one of the vital elements of human nature is uprooted out of any of the fields of human action; and the complete absence of tender and faithful attachments in that almost exclusive domain of abstract ideas and general or selfish interests, has robbed political life of a noble ornament and a great source of strength. It is of incalculable

importance to society that there should be some safe retreat in which the affectionate dispositions—I would almost say passions—of the heart of man may expand in freedom; and that occasionally emerging from that retreat, they may exhibit their presence and their power by some beautiful examples in that tumultuous region of politics in which they are so rarely found. But these social virtues must be nursed in the bosom of domestic life; these social affections must spring from family affections. Home, the abode of stability and morality, also contains the hearth at which all our affections and all our self-devotion are kindled; it is in the circle of the family that the noblest parts of our nature find satisfactions they would seek for else in vain; it is from that circle that when circumstances demand, they can go forth to adorn and bless society—Guizot's Democracy in France.

## LAMARTINE AT HOME.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian gives the following account of the return of Lamartine to his own estate in the country:—

The peasant had prepared a grand fête for the arrival of the following description. The house was completely covered with garlands and devices; and when, at the expected hour, M. and Madame de Lamartine arrived, the little girls, in their Sunday clothes, first presented themselves, offering them a basket of the finest fruit that can be seen anywhere; one of them delivered a charming little address, then they gave place to the boys, carrying likewise a basket of fruit, and what was more original, a basket of flowers. Lamartine, seated in a chariot drawn by sheep, other children brought a lamb, a little sucking pig, entirely covered with silk ribbons and flowers, a superb calf, and in a large cage, a hare. These peasants, who cultivate nothing but the vine, had purchased these gifts with their own money.

A peasant, mounted on a cart, made an excellent address, thanking God for bringing M. and Madame de Lamartine back into the midst of them. Lamartine replied in a speech against Socialism. The French peasant, after he is of age, is content with his land; he desires no other proof of this than what was before his eyes; it is the part of the landlord to do his duty. The day was closed by a grand dinner, given to those honest people by M. and Madame de Lamartine.

In the evening, the peasants came, and asked a favor; it was to permit the cure, next morning, to celebrate in the chapel adjoining the mansion, a thanksgiving service for the happy return of their landlord and lady. In connection with the circumstance, Lamartine learned that on the morning after his departure for the East, a mass was celebrated, at the request of the peasants, for the purpose of praying God to preserve them during their journey. After this statement, I need not say that both Lamartine and his lady do much for the benefit of those who are around them. Madame de Lamartine takes an active interest in the schools, and has a fellow-feeling with her husband for improving as much as possible the condition of the peasantry.

## MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

## NEGLECTED CALLS TO THE MINISTRY.

Extensively has the work of God spread through these lands through the instrumentality of the Methodist itinerancy. Desert places have been made to teem with luxuriance; but many of these fair fields have unavoidably been left without a pastor the present year to continue their cultivation. Selam, perhaps, has the appointing power been more than crossed in making appointments, for want of suitable men, than during the year past.

Whence arises this embarrassment? Is it caused by want of foresight or neglect on the part of God to call laborers into his vineyard? No; God is clear. But there is fearful responsibility—where does it rest? Upon the private member of the church? So far as he has neglected to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth faithful laborers, he is measurably, but not principally, responsible. Is it upon the devoted itinerant? No; but he has evidence of guilt somewhere. Look upon that deserted and unoccupied, standing uncultivated from Sabbath to Sabbath; once the incense of holy prayer ascended from that altar—angels waited within those walls to bear glad tidings home, or to roll up the earthborn to mingle with the heavenly laid. There, hanging on the words that fell from the lips of that man of God, the starting listeners gazed on the naphtha-fed cressets of hell, gleaming through the murky darkness of his black despair. They saw the rolling smoke, heard the groans of the lost, and in characters of glowing fire read their own fearful doom, without pardon; or with uplifted veil they looked on the enrapturing joys of heaven, and heard how they might enter there. But alas, the scene how changed! Just as the seed was about to yield its fruit, just as that sinner was about to exclaim, "I can hold out no more," the faithful pastor is withdrawn, and it is found impracticable to supply his place. Evil influences supercede those holy ones, and Satan forges fiercer fetters for his captive. Iniquity prevails—youths come up ripening in sin—infidelity, overlooking every previously raised barrier, contends for the throne of the sanctuary, with its mournful Sabbath-day silence, is a standing testimony against the guilty—the poor sinner, dying, is eloquent in his silence. His looks seem to ask, Is there no teacher of the way of salvation to point me to the Lamb, or offer one prayer for me, ere life departs? That beseeching look of agony, while the last billow of death is closing over him, is a fearful condemnation of a character who is doomed to meet him again.

Who is it that is thus hard-hearted, criminal? A devil? No. Some abandoned wretch of a man? No. A heathen? No. Can it be a professed Christian? None other; and one to whom God has honored with a call to be an ambassador, to proclaim the conditions of pardon to the guilty, and to tell poor, blind, naked and lost man of his God and heaven; yet none who will not.

This is not fiction. I know of a number of vacant, interesting and suffering fields of labor within our Conference, well able to support a preacher well, which could not be, and have not been supplied by the appointing power. It is a fact not to be concealed, and it is a standing testimony against the guilty—the poor sinner, dying, is eloquent in his silence. His looks seem to ask, Is there no teacher of the way of salvation to point me to the Lamb, or offer one prayer for me, ere life departs? That beseeching look of agony, while the last billow of death is closing over him, is a fearful condemnation of a character who is doomed to meet him again.

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Do you expect the descent of a cloven tongue of fire, or a miraculous gift of other tongues? Do

you intend to wait for preparation? Such waiting would be like that of the man of years to become a youth that he might commence an enterprise. All these excuses, in the eye of faith and in the sight of Heaven, are lighter than a puff of empty air. God commands not impossibilities, and many of these excuses are direct reproaches of Deity, amounting to this: "If God had known me as I know myself, he would not have called me to this work."

O ye chosen of God, look on the fields white already to harvest. Hear that voice from heaven saying, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap;" look on the demands of perishing man—heed the mandate of Heaven, and rush quickly to the rescue of those souls flying before advancing death. Haste, O haste, ere they die! Woe is there, if thou preach not the Gospel. Life of witnesses its commencement, in the blasting of fond hopes and the sudden withering of cherished desires. An idolized friend is borne away by death—possessions "take wings and fly away," and the mildew of adversity rests on every project. One brother, since eminent in saving souls, utterly refused to proceed on his great mission until God took a much loved companion from him.

I was once pained while listening to the brief history of a stranger with whom I spent a night on my way to my first circuit. God had called him to preach; he had been the leading instrument in powerful revivals with but small efforts on his part. He turned aside to the study of law, though he maintained his Christian profession. He accumulated property, reared a beautiful mansion, which, with his all, he consumed and left him penniless.

Again he sought wealth, succeeded, invested his property in a ship, and was himself on board when the storm arose which swept to destruction the ship, cargo, officers and crew. He alone escaped through many perils, to follow the same phantom still. "I have called, but ye refused." Strange that mercy, so long abused and trampled on, should linger.

Some receive worldly prosperity notwithstanding their refusal, but O their end! A painful circumstance crowds upon my memory, of recent occurrence, but to spare the feelings of living friends I forbear its recital. How many, who wander in gloom through the mazes of misfortune, leading miserable lives, to die more miserable deaths, might have shone as stars of the first magnitude amid a heavenly galaxy; but wearing around their spiritual vision night-shades of unbelief, they have become burdened with the cares of life, rushed madly after its vanities, and gone suddenly into eternity, to read their condemnation written in characters of blood. They might, in union with the souls saved through their instrumentality, have chanted the song of the redeemed away. Instead, however, they must gaze on the lost, trophies of their cruel inactivity, and list to their malignant reproaches forever.

"If I was certain I am called," say many, "I would go." Does not this uncertainty arise from unbelief? When you have received strong evidences have you not asked for stronger, and in your presumption dictated the kind? Your God will not submit to this. The rejection of these gentle calls prepares the way for that of the more forcible appeals, and the more forcible appeals will be more readily received. Since you have rejected evidences given, "neither would you be persuaded through one from the dead."

Dear brother, wherefore then art, for the sake of your ever present and future interest, for the sake of the souls of perishing men and the cause of your Saviour, heed the warnings and commands of your God, the exhortations of the Holy Spirit, and seek the dying souls of men. Time flies, your day of usefulness is passing, death approaches; what you do, must be done now.

C. H. A. J.

Lincoln, Nov. 1850.

## CHEAP POSTAGE.

Congress failed to meet the wishes and interests of the people in regard to a reduction of postage, and the people must therefore continue to urge the reform by plain-spoken petitions. Give members no rest until they pass a law exacting a uniform postage of but two cents on a letter. Now five and ten cents are required. There is no reason for this exaction. The wants of the Government do not require it. It has been shown, by reports in Congress, that two cents for a letter, sent to any part of the country, will pay well for the department. Newspapers, too, ought to be nearly free. One cent is enough in all conscience. We are now comparatively a reading people—we wish to be more so. The tax on knowledge, if at all required, should only be such nominally. We can get along with a postage of one cent for a time, but eventually newspaper literature must be entirely free to meet the necessities of the age. Here is what we want:

1. A uniform rate of two cents prepaid on all letters weighing half an ounce.
2. Newspapers one cent each to any part of the Union.
3. Periodicals and pamphlets one cent an ounce.
4. Publishers allowed fifty per cent. discount upon the prepayment of postage, and publishers of periodicals to enjoy the same privileges as publishers of newspapers.
5. A radical reduction of postage on Ocean, Oregon, and California letters.—Watchman and Reflector.

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

A letter from London to the National Intelligencer says:—

The great exhibition of 1851 engrosses much attention. No fewer than six hundred and twenty-eight exhibitors have been announced in the metropolitan districts, who are to occupy 42,710 feet of the floor and 29,710 feet of the walls with their articles. Edinburgh has thirty-two exhibitors, occupying 5712 feet of floor, and Belfast thirty-three exhibitors, occupying 19,833 feet. About four hundred and fifty men are now employed upon the building in the park, which is advancing very rapidly. The greater part of the materials are already within the enclosure. Austria has taken a step in advance of all other nations in this business, by the establishment of a house of agency in London, to act as the medium of communication between the British and Austrian commissioners, and to effect in London the unloading, transport, unpacking, and displaying the Austrian articles sent for exhibition, to afford information respecting them, to carry on the necessary correspondence, and to be in attendance during the exhibition and until the whole is settled. It will be necessary for each foreign country to appoint a similar agency, through its central committee. We are much afraid that some irregularity, and consequent confusion and disappointment, will arise from its not being thoroughly understood in the United States that the commissioners here cannot attend to or recognize any other American authorities, in the conduct of the exhibition, than the central committee appointed at Washington, and agents regularly authorized by that committee.

The annual amount of travel on the Mississippi river is about five hundred thousand. The annual loss of human life for several years past has been over two hundred, by burning, blowing up, and drowning, to say nothing of sickness.

## THE ATLANTIC WAVES.

At the late meeting of the British Association, Dr. Scoresby gave an account of some observations which he had made, during two voyages across the Atlantic in 1847 and '48, regarding the height and velocity of waves during a "hard gale." The result was, that the average wave was 15 feet and upwards in height; and the mean highest waves, not including the broken, accumulated crests, about 43 feet above the level of the hollow occupied by the ship. The probable mean distance of the waves, or the width between crest and crest, was 559 feet; and the velocity was computed to be 32.23 miles per hour. These general results were confirmed by Mr. Scott Russell, whose experiments, conducted many years since, had brought him to nearly the same conclusions.

## THE GRAVE OF WORDSWORTH.

A letter in the Concord (N. H.) Statesman, written from Grassmere, the former residence of the poet Wordsworth, thus describes the place of his interment:—

The church-yard in which Wordsworth is buried, is one quarter of a mile from our lodging, and was reached by a foot-path through a cultivated field and beside a mountain stream, made by artificial arrangements to assume most agreeable forms, without in the least violating the order in which nature disposes its works; and when we came near the ancient church, around which repose the dead of many generations, our course was over one of these time-honored bridges. The rivulet flows along the southern side of the church-yard, where a substantial wall resists the action of the water, and the earth is filled in so as to admit a grass-plot, extending to the water, and as high as the wall. This is no new disposal of the grounds; for trees of large growth line the brink of the stream, and all the surrounding circumstances afford evidence that the grounds have been as now for a long course of years.

Wordsworth's remains are in that corner or side of the inclosure nearest the stream; beneath the trees and foliage there, and surrounded by all the objects which can possibly be combined to leave agreeable impressions when one has been among the resting-places of the dead. Near his grave are the tomb-stones of two children of the poet of lake and mountain; in close connection is that of a nephew, and through the inclosure "the forefathers of the hamlet sleep," gathered through the course of years within the reposeful place of what remains of man when mortal has put on immortality. His grave is designated by a slab at each end, of a material closely resembling Welsh slate, painted black, and no way differing from others in the inclosure. They are not so high by half as some slabs erected in our state for persons of adult age, but much thicker, and full a third wider, as is the case through the yard. The earth upon the grave was a gentle, not an abrupt, rise, covered with thick, closely shorn, luxuriant grass, on which were laid, by some traveller recently, the hands of family friends, a few unwithered flowers. Upon the slab is merely—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

ANBY E., wife of Rev. Robert Kellen, died at her mother's residence in Boston, Nov. 3, aged 30 years. Sister K. was the daughter of Allan Bartlett, Esq., of Portland, Me., who was a prominent member of the M. E. Church in that city for twenty-five years. She sought religion about twelve years since, and joined the church. Her sickness was long, and at times painful, but she died in peace and triumph. Bro. Kellen suffers peculiar affliction in this event, in that he was absent from home. Twenty days after her decease he returned from California, and first learned of her death at the house where she died. She leaves two little boys. May a kind Providence guide them to their mother's heavenly home.

L. CROWELL.

Boston, Dec. 11.

THOMAS LISWELL died in Feeding Hills, Oct. 30, in the 53th year of his age. Bro. L. was for many years a beloved member of the M. E. Church in this place, and filled several important offices in the church with acceptance. His powers gradually wasted till "the wheels of life stood still." He died as he lived, calmly relying on the merits of atoning blood for salvation. Much might be said of him in his various relations; but his record is on high, and his memory will be long cherished by the stricken remnant of his family and his numerous friends.

ANSON LISWELL (only surviving son of the above) died at the residence of his late father, Nov. 23, in the 23d year of his age. He was a young man of promise; amiable, affectionate, and universally beloved; yet he was enabled to lay all at the feet of Jesus, and died looking for an inheritance among the blessed. God bless the family who have thus been called to follow five of their number (three the present year) to the grave, all by pulmonary consumption.

W. A. CLAPP.

Feeding Hills, Dec. 2.

JAMES KING, of Bath, N. H., died on Monday, Dec. 24, aged 85 years. He was a Revolutionary pensioner, having enlisted in the army of Independence towards the close of the war, at the age of 16. He enlisted as a soldier of Jesus Christ in the Methodist division of the grand army a half century ago, when they were first raised a banner at Landaff. Since that time he has been known as an unpretending, but hopeful and consistent Christian, living at peace with God and man. His farm on Briar Hill, on which he dwelt for sixty-seven years, and which he reclaimed from a dreary wilderness, has been a home for two generations of Methodist preachers. He was ready to die. Being asked by his sons a little before his departure, "if he had a good hope through grace?" "O yes," said the old patriarch; and in addition to the comforts of pardon and religion, I have always tried to live an honest man, and never knowingly wronged any." Without a struggle or a movement he passed away, his sun setting as the stars at the coming of day. Many were present at his funeral who listened to a discourse from the writer, upon "there remaineth a rest to the people of God." He was the father of nine children, the youngest aged 45, all of them living. Four generations of his kindred followed him to the grave. Let the old soldier rest.

JOSEPH E. KING.

JOSEPH CLARK was drowned in the Penobscot in this town, on the evening of Oct. 29, aged 36 years. This dear brother was converted to God under the labors of Rev. Caleb Fuller, and for thirteen years has been a useful member in our church. He was a man of extensive business, and was, as far as known, universally respected; as a man he was ingenious, upright and social, as a Christian he was unassuming and simple, as a husband and father he was confiding and affectionate. For years he discharged the duties of a steward in our church with great propriety; but he is discharged. He rests in Jesus. His last testimony was given Sabbath evening, forty-eight hours before he entered paradise.

GEO. PRATT.

Orono, Dec. 3.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NEW BOOKS. BISHOP MCLIVINE ON

Cottage Life, 12 Illustrations, by Prof. Upham—plain and glib.

Bremer's Works, entire, and Home and Neighbors separate.

India and the Hindoos, by P. D. W. Ward, Missionary, Echoes of the Universe.

Handbook's Aspects of Nature and Cosmos.

Memoir of Dr. Chalmers.

Masters of the Wise and Good—plain and glib.

Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations, 2 vols.

Home Influence, Woman's Friendship, and Vale of Cedar, by Grace Agassiz.

Sacred Rhetoric—Composition and delivery of Sermons, by Ripley.

The Phantom World, by Rev. Henry Christmas.

The Bible Geology Constant, by Murphy.

Apocryphal Baptism, by Taylor.

The Gospel to our Advancement, by Griffin.

The Merry Seat, by Dr. Spring.

Gravel Studies, by Vint.

Manhood and Sanctification.

The Happy Home, by Hamilton.

The Morning of Joy and Night of Weeping, by Bonar.

The Church in Earnest, by J. A. James.

An Earnest Ministry, by A. Jones.

CHAS. WAITE.

Oct 16 if Cheap Bookstore, No. 56 Cornhill.

## THE AMERICAN VOCALIST. BY REV.

D. H. MASSILL.

The popularity of this excellent Collection of Music, is sufficiently attested by the fact, that although it has been published but about one year, 19,000 copies have been printed, and it is in greater demand than ever.

It is divided into three parts, all of which are embraced in a single volume.

Part I consists of Church Music, old and new, and contains the most valuable productions of the most distinguished composers, ancient and modern—in all 320 Church Tunes—besides a large number of Anthems, and Solos for special occasions.

Part II and III contain all that is valuable of the Vestry Music now in existence, consisting of the most popular Revival Melodies, and the most admired English, Scottish, Irish, Spanish and Italian Songs, embracing, in a single volume, more than five hundred Tunes, adapted to every occasion of public and social worship, including all the CHORUS of Music that have been composed during the last five hundred years.

A few of the many notices received of the book are here annexed:—

From Rev. G. P. Mathews, of Liberty.

"I do not hesitate to give the AMERICAN VOCALIST the preference to any other Collection of



# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

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TERMS, \$1.50, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. } No. 52.  
OFFICE, No. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

## WINTER.

Thou art here again, old Winter, with thy voice and tone unaltered,  
The hill and vale are all with snow, and the sun is cold and clear;  
Thou art not a forest tree, but the summer's sapphire falcon,  
That through the naked branches the forest tempests roar.

And yet how fair and glorious was this array this morning!  
The rain and frost together had been working through the night,  
In the gloomy hours of darkness they had silently been forming  
A scene of fairy loveliness to greet the dawning light.

The slightest shrub in Nature with transparent ice encrusted,  
Shone in the liquid sunlight like pearls of rarest dye;  
The trees and thickets glittered with the gems to them entrusted,  
The hill-sides and the meadow-planes were like a mirror fair.

And brilliant rays promiscuous through the forest depths were glancing,  
The myriad pendant icicles reflecting every hue;  
Along its winding pathway the lone stream was dancing  
As little as when the summer drowns upon its borders grew.

To-night thou wastest, Winter, all thy gloomy, dreary features,  
The rain and hail are rattling on the frosty window-pane;  
Ah! is thy coming welcome to the poor neglected creature  
Who has no comfort from the storm, no shelter from the rain?

The household began to stir, the rich man's dwelling,  
Though still he slept, the piercing cold still drove him to the door;  
Again thou wast, O Winter, with thy cold, relentless rigors,  
Bringing back the youthful buoyancy and strength of other days.

I could mourn thy transient empire, did thy coming not awaken  
Emotions that for aye present the homeless wanderer's form;  
O who will feed the hungry? who will comfort the forsaken?  
Who give to age and poverty a refuge from the storm?

Hibern, Ct., Dec. 7. L. MONTGOMERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

## "NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE: OUR WORK."

That is right, tell "Coke" he has hit the nail on the head. Many thanks. He spoke for me, and gave utterance to growing and oppressive convictions of my own soul, for the last six months. Let the reader turn back to the Herald of Dec. 4th, and read over again his first paragraph. Speaking of the call upon the M. E. Church to enlarge itself, he says:—

"But there are other fields for us to enter and cultivate; Christianity is aggressive, and so is Methodism—which is only the outgoing of a pure Christianity, all 'in earnest.' Now we must have churches in every important neighborhood within our bounds. And more; we must visit as did our fathers, the sparse school districts, and preach in the school-houses, barns, kitchens, groves and orchards, and win the people to God."

These few lines, if well appreciated by the Methodist community of New England, would become a magazine of moral power, imparting to itself very soon an entirely new aspect. There ought to be established to-morrow in the M. E. Church a thousand new Methodist meetings. This demand too is found in the largest cities, small cities, villages and country towns. Does the reader ask why? I answer, because there are not enough Methodist meetings. But it is said those already established are not crowded. Truly, and never will be; still more are needed—needed now.

Because, thousands on thousands do not, will not, and many cannot attend our present meetings. Some live remote, some too poor to buy or rent seats, and too proud to depend on gratuitous seating, while others feel they are too poorly clad to appear in fashionable assemblies. All these classes, I need not say, constitute a large portion of the community. Yet many of these hang for the bread of life, and for lack of knowledge, who would gladly hear in their own school-houses, dining-rooms and kitchens.

Not a few of these proposed new meetings are needed within a stone's throw of many of our splendid churches, in the heart of our populous cities. Then what are their suburbs? Moral wastes, inviting missionary labor, on ground soon to be the very bowels of these spreading cities. Now is the time to plant there, to save souls and save the ground.

New England Methodism in this particular, has fallen into a wrong line of march. To establish new meetings is not so much thought of, as to divide old ones. But how difficult the latter! What society ever feels itself able to divide? Long and tedious discussions, followed by alienations, often kill such enterprises. Then how slow and careful should new meetings be! It will not do to begin till a society is in existence strong enough to build a church and support a preacher; but as few such societies are found ready made, we open few new meetings.

What if we should try another policy. Go into all these places, city and country, especially the growing places, and where a few people can be found and a few children not connected with other meetings, and commence a Sabbath School. No matter how small the beginning—with a prospect—begin. Invite the children and their parents to this meeting. Then in connection with the Sabbath School preach one sermon per day at least, even if the attendance is small, and let it be by some accredited local preacher. If this commencement occurs under very unfavorable circumstances, it may be well to have these services at an hour not to conflict with other meetings. Thus begun, these meetings can be carried on and increased as the providence of God indicates; the preacher in charge having the entire oversight, and providing as best he can for these supplies. In most of these cases in a little time, by regular attention, good congregations will be gathered, souls will be converted, soon little chapels can be built, plain and cheap, may be free—all the better—and the people give their "penny collection," and thus acquire the habit of giving something for privileges, to grow with their ability. How soon would numerous such beginnings become central and powerful churches.

What a field lies open in New England for such an enterprise! Read "Coke" over again. God will bless the preaching of his free salvation, and the people will come to hear it, where the moral death of Calvinism, the ideal vagaries of Unitarian Transcendentalism, the senseless mummeries of the church, and mockery of Universalism leave the souls of the people to perish.

This scheme is practicable. "Coke" says it will cost money. Not much; and if it did, what then? Set all the local preachers at work in this business. There are more than a thousand of them now suffering, for just such work. Nowhere in all the dominions of Methodism on this continent or the other, are our local preachers so idle as in New England; idle, because no work is assigned them; yet nowhere have they more talent or more facilities. Set them at this work, and without pay, as they do in Europe and our Middle States—let them preach, or take away their licenses and give no more. English local preachers not unfrequently preach twice and three times on the Sabbath, and walk from ten to fifteen miles, and never expect a money reward.

Thousands of well educated, young and middle aged people who are pious, are competent

and in waiting to take charge of, and teach in these Sabbath Schools; more of such in New England than any other place. The people here, living more compactly, are more easily collected for worship than elsewhere. What is there, then, in the way of such a scheme? What facility is lacking? God calls. Here is a new mission for our beloved Methodism; and if she does it not, she will be superseded. Let nothing, not even education, divert her attention from this subject.

I assert three things of New England Methodism: 1. It is far ahead of Methodism in all other places in its educational interests. 2. It is far behind Wesleyan Methodism, and Episcopal Methodism in our Middle States, in denominational zeal and enterprise in carrying its conquests into "the regions beyond" itself. 3. It is doing less for the masses, and especially the poor, in proportion to its ability, than anywhere else. Kind readers, don't be angry at these bold assertions, till you have examined the subject at least.

Bro. "Coke," if you have met Bro. Raymond to agitating about a new school-house, "all right;" God bless the good man in so good a work; but can you not somewhere invoke a sleeping Jonah, to assist you in agitating this other subject, which it seems to the writer, just now should take precedence of all others. This is a serious and momentous question: who will give it thought and movement? Why not you, Mr. Editor, now that your "pen is in ink" on great questions. Give us one blast of your clarion that shall arm the hosts of God's elect against the powers of darkness, the whole length of the Atlantic coast—a blast that shall out-echo old Fabian's tin horn, that makes music for "The old man of the mountain."

Mount Prospect, Dec. 11. OBSERVER.

## THE BLACKSMITH WELL PAID.

Bro. STEVENS:—Being some weeks ago in the city of Providence, R. I., we stepped into a blacksmith's shop to have a little chat with a good Methodist brother. We found him engaged shoeing an ox. After conversation on subjects of higher importance, we inquired of Sammy Hicks' relative (in trade only we mean) if he would be willing to shoe the ox, receiving for his pay for the second and so forth, continuing this ratio until the last of the 32 nails? Without a moment's hesitancy he replied, "I should be glad to do so—I should never need to shoe another." A friend who had accompanied us—an educated man—smiled at what he supposed the blacksmith's ignorance of figures. His impression was that the man of the anvil knew more about "fixing a shoe" than of working geometrical progression. But how our man of "ledge" and "day book" did stare—how incredulous did he look when informed that all the warehouses in Providence would not furnish sufficient accommodation for "housing the corn." Well, sir, here we left the matter—Vulcan laughing and Quillman doubting.

Having much affection for our two friends, and feeling no desire to see the ox become uncomfortably fat with laughing, or the other shrewd blue with doubting, we have tried to settle the matter in dispute between them by placing it in something like sober shape. The following is the result of our shoeing:

At the above rate of payment the shoeing of this ox will cost 6,006,709,597,349,487,701 grains of corn. If we reckon 82,944 grains to the bushel, we have 72,418,856,051,668 bushels. If we sell this corn at 60 cents a bushel it will yield us \$43,451,313,631,000. If we estimate 40 bushels to weigh one ton, and should we export this corn to "foreign parts" in vessels of 1,000 tons burden, 18,104,740,012 such vessels will be required. Suppose we estimate the average length of these vessels at 140 feet. Let us now arrange them in one continuous line—ship touching ship—and they will extend 480,045,826 miles. Or we might place these ships 200 abreast, and in this form—ship touching ship lengthwise—they would encamp the world nearly 100 times!

Now should our good friend receive his pay—of which, however, he entertains some doubt he will take therefrom \$1,000,000 for "domestic purposes," for he has somewhere read, "He that provideth not for his own," &c. Now he has no desire to procure for himself so odious a character. The rest he leaves at our disposal. He expresses himself as having entire confidence in our "ability" and "honesty" to do the thing which is "right." Having then been installed as executor for the richest man in the world, our "ability" for the business confided to our care shall be shown by first helping *ourselves* to a trifle, for we long since subscribed to the deservedly popular creed, "Charity begins at home." None will presume to question our honesty when we express ourselves as "amply compensated" with the very modest sum of \$2,000,000. But some *mean* souls will perhaps object, "You help yourself to double the amount, you allow your employer, 'And what of that, then?' It would not speak very well for our tact, as a 'limb of the law,' whatever might be said in behalf of our honesty, did we not become much richer than any of our clients. So that winning scoundrel may just 'shut up.' We shall look well to our 'tact' and 'fee.' Our client is pledged for our 'honesty.'"

And now with the surplus we will accomplish wonders. For though we believe "Charity begins at home," we never supposed it ought to stop there. To every nation of the earth—monarchical or republican—we would say, "If you will for the future abstain from bloodshed"—the fruitful source of national bankruptcy—"come to our treasury and free yourselves from your millions of national liabilities." To those engaged in the Missionary enterprise we say, "come to our coffers." Take sufficient to enable you to build churches and school-houses in, and send forth Bibles, ministers and teachers to every part of our *benighted* world. Plant the standard of the cross in every clime. Preach the doctrine of reconciliation in every tongue. To the lovers of learning the same invitation is extended. Enlarge your plans, and extend your sphere of usefulness as far as possible. Our resources will sustain you. The good Samaritan and the philanthropist will please draw near. Your sympathies and plans have long been too big for your resources. We have more than sufficient for your most enlarged schemes of beneficence. Now after meeting all these applications, our wealth is still beyond computation; we would therefore notify all the needy and deserving—whether individuals or corporations—to "send in their name" or "card" to the editor of Zion's Herald, and so soon as we shall receive the full amount of our *shoeing bill*, their applications shall be promptly attended to.

R. DONKESLEY.

Osterville, Mass., Dec. 13.

## SPRINGFIELD WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

The examination of the pupils of this flourishing institution, made before the Board of Visitors at the close of the last term, was one highly creditable, not only to the principal and his assistants, but also to the large class of young ladies and gentlemen in attendance. This examination was conducted to the entire satisfaction of the Board, evincing on the part of the different teachers, a thorough, practical knowledge of the various branches by them attempted to be taught, displaying on their part a peculiar aptitude to teach by demonstrations and plain familiar illustrations, and on the part of the pupils a remarkable promptness and precision in answering the various questions proposed, that could not have been acquired but by a close and rigid application to the different studies pursued.

We would by no means be invidious in our remarks to any, but cannot do justice to our own feelings without a particular allusion to the large class in physiology. Upon this new, interesting, and, we think, highly important branch, the examination proved on the part of the class, an application and proficiency that would have been creditable to much older and more advanced scholars. Some general knowledge of the geography of our country, the location and extent of its principal rivers, mountains, and lakes, its soil, climate, and natural products, together with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, has been long deemed indispensable in almost any situation in life, particularly so to such as make any pretensions to literature—but until quite recently no thought has been entertained, that a knowledge of the peculiar construction of our own bodies was of the least moment, or even suitable for the common scholar, but designed only for the physician and anatomist. We require, too, of those who become, or offer to, instructors of our youth, some knowledge of the heavenly bodies, their distances from the earth, their revolutions, densities, and the influence exerted by each on the other, so far as known, by the powers of attraction and repulsion, and a great variety of interesting and useful facts, to be ignorant of which would be quite disgraceful; but to "know them" as they are, enough for man to know," has scarcely attracted a passing notice. We think the study of one of very great importance, eminently calculated to lead the mind of the student to profitable reflections, and cultivate a devotional state of mind towards the Author of our being. In view of these and many other considerations we might mention, we cheerfully recommend a continuance of this branch of instruction in this school.

The closing exercise of the term was an exhibition, in which quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen participated, furnishing to a large and evidently delighted audience an intellectual treat of an entertaining and instructive character, and highly creditable to the individuals taking part in the performances.

The gentlemanly and courteous bearing of the students towards each other and especially towards the teachers, was gratifying and pleasing. On the whole, we feel justified in saying that this school, as now conducted, is not excelled by any of a similar character known to us in the State. Located in one of the most flourishing and pleasant villages in the State, with a population of sober, industrious, enterprising citizens, the influences thereby exerted upon the young ladies and gentlemen who assemble here for intellectual pursuits, are healthful and beneficial.

The boarding-house belonging to the institution is commodious and well arranged, and under the care of the Rev. Mr. Eastman and his excellent lady, promises all that can reasonably be expected. Those wishing to place their sons or daughters in a boarding-school where their moral as well as physical education is cared for, and where no unreasonable restraints are attempted to be enforced, may safely confide them to the managers of this institution.

C. FRENCH, Secretary.

Springfield, Vt., Dec. 12.

## PLEASANT OCCUPATION, AND THE POWER OF MOTIVE.

Many persons of both sexes, but particularly females, suffer for want of steady employment. One of the most useful rules concerning health is, "keep constantly employed." This is not necessary to work to excess; it is a thing possible, but not very common.

In order, however, to reap the full healthful benefit of acting, we must have elevated motives. A person who only works because he must work, will not grow very largely in health and vigor. He may avoid sickness, and that is nearly all; but having an important end in view he not only receives benefit from the proper exercise of bone and muscle, and the proper agitation of the internal organs, but gains much in addition from the stimulus and pleasure of expectation. An individual is much less fatigued by performing labor which pleases him, than by performing the same amount of labor in which he takes no sort of interest.

Now there is a large portion of mankind who suffer from a want of pleasant and powerful motives to activity. This, as we have intimated, is more particularly the case with females, than with males. The former often labor without motives, at least with feeble motives. Like Samson grinding in the prison house at Gaza, they work because they are compelled. Such exercise does little good, and often more harm than good. On this account they have less of constitutional vigor, and less health. They may have activity and sprightliness of body and mind, but these are by no means incompatible with a feeble constitution. One reason why the conjugal state is in many cases more healthy than celibacy, is because the former, notwithstanding its numerous trials and perplexities, which inflict much wear and tear upon the human constitution, is accompanied by the stimulus of expectancy, and of elevated motives. Its work is not task work.

The love of gain, so far as health is concerned, is better than no motive at all. The love of pleasure, if we can get no higher motive for exertion, is more beneficial than compulsory labor; better, even, than laboring from mere habit. It is supposed by some that all the benefits which accrue to industry are gained when they labor from mere habit, feeling neither pain nor fatigue. It is indeed better for the creature of habit—who is little better than a machine—that there be no friction, no mental opposition, but to expect much improvement is useless. It is not enough that there be no deterioration by friction or otherwise; man is intended to be a creature of progress.

The desire of pleasing others, or the love of reputation is a higher motive than either of those I have named; and therefore more beneficial. Under its influence the feeble grow strong, and

the strong attain to a higher degree of health. Some are industrious from this motive, though no other motive can reach.

But there is a smaller number still who reap the blessings which God, in his providence, has appended to incessant activity, because they are regarded in every movement, *His holy will and pleasure*. This desire of pleasing God by industry is the highest motive to exertion which can be conceived. It does not necessarily exclude the love of man and the desire of securing his approbation, nor does it entirely exclude the love of pleasure and of gain; it simply holds these lower motives in subordination, if not in abeyance. They who are in continual activity, because they are under the full influence of all these motives, are found to possess the most mental and bodily health and vigor.

But the worst condition of humanity, in male or female form—I speak still with regard to health—is found where there is no motive at all to labor either with the hand or the brain; so that the miserable lump of earth (for it scarcely deserves a better name) drags out an existence which is difficult to say is most blamable or pitiable. Alas, how many thousands of females never enjoy high health for a moment of their lives for this very reason, that they never have enough of active, pleasant employment with sufficient motive to keep their thoughts from preying upon themselves. But the subject is too vast for a single column of a newspaper. It deserves a volume.—Watchman and Reflector.

For the Herald and Journal.

## SOLENN WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

Your business, as men possessed of the activity, strength and vigor of youth, necessarily exposes you to many dangers, and involves you in many risks. There are times in which you really hazard all your interests for the present and the future, yet relying upon your dexterity for deliverance. Two most painful instances of this kind have recently occurred in this community. The one was a young man, Mr. Mark Colcord, Jr., a son of pious parents. He was deferring the work of salvation to a more convenient period of life. He had just formed resolutions of amendment in some respects, much to the gratification of his anxious mother. At work in a mill, he took occasion to show a lad who was there, the manner in which certain machinery of his own arrangement operated; he slipped a short band from a spindle with his hand, and though he had done the same thing a hundred times before with safety, the band caught his hand, drew him around a shaft which performed some thirty revolutions in a minute, and before he could be obtained his legs were broken, torn and mangled, and the head had received a fatal blow. Life was gone.

The other, Mr. Abel Bennett, a young man whose mother, two brothers and one sister had gone before him, within a few years. When quite young, in Massachusetts, he joined his parents in the cause of Christ. They afterwards moved to this town, into a neighborhood of young men, who were generally neglectors of salvation. He soon felt their influence. Religious duties gave place to the amusements and enjoyments of youth. Time passed on. Friends died—a father pined—opposing influences were continued—the cross was neglected.

Busy at work, he stepped upon the hood of a threshing machine which was worn thin; it gave way—he lost his balance—fell—his arm was in pieces, mangled by the teeth of the machine—he was soon removed, but it was too late. His father came to pray, and sisters to weep—nature was sinking—the past was reviewed—prayer was solicited. As life was ebbing out he was evidently trying to do again his "first work"—he cried,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do."

These were his last words. Time was forever fled.

Young men, reflect upon such events; look out upon the scenery before you, and, though you may feel secure in your present circumstances, be assured, you know not what a day may bring forth. This day may be your last. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Though now disposed to walk in the ways of thine own heart, and as may seem best in thine own eyes, regardless of parental solicitude, counsel and prayers, remember, O young man, "for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

"No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly love or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone;  
If now the judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
The inexorable throne.

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how thou may'st escape the death  
That never, never dies;  
How make thine own election sure,  
And when thou fall'st on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies."

M. R. HOPKINS.

Searsport, Dec. 9.

## HYDROPATHY, OR THE "WATER-CURE."

Practitioners in this "healing art," must look to the laurels of their great exemplar and champion, Priessnitz. We see that "old father Noah," of the New York Messenger, is intimating that the use of the "wet sheet, the bath, and the douche" is nothing to boast of, as a recent affair. He says—"The water-cure is thought by many persons to be a modern discovery; but there is probably not one of its processes that has not been practised somewhere, and by some body, ever since men were afflicted with disease. In England, more than fifty years ago, Dr. Wright cured fever by wrapping his patients in a wet blanket. Dr. Smith, formerly a medical professor of Dartmouth and Yale, used to pour buckets of cold water over his typhus patients in bed, and let them lay in the water. Rush gave the cold water dash in yellow fever. Bruce says that people in the interior of Africa cure malignant fevers with a constant bath of cold water. Galen treated all his fevers partially with cold water. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, when he felt a fit of gout coming on, used to plunge his foot in a bucket of cold water. 'In Sicily,' says Brichon, the tourist, 'they cure fevers by giving ice-water to drink, and covering the breast and belly with snow and ice.' A Dutch physician, in the West Indies, cured the lath-jaw with the wet sheet, before Priessnitz was born; yet Priessnitz has the credit of the discovery, and rightly enough, perhaps, as the same idea may have occurred to many." We think, however, that no one so completely and philosophically systematized the "science" as the indefatigable Priessnitz.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY—REV. G. F. COX.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:—  
Presuming that you will allow persons, against whom your correspondents prefer complaints, to make such brief explanations as the complaints may demand, I would call the attention of your readers to the article written by Rev. G. F. Cox, and published in your paper of Nov. 27, in which the editor of the Ladies' Repository is charged with the following faults: First, keeping Bro. Cox's article on the death of Professor Caldwell for "about" a year without publication; and secondly, making unjustifiable alterations in it, with the intention of weakening the force of his tribute of affection to the dead.

To these complaints I simply answer:

1. That Bro. Cox's article, post-marked March 8th, reached my office the 14th of March, 1850, less than six months prior to the time when it was in type. When it came, there was another article in type on precisely the same subject; and I ordered his article to be delayed a few months on that account. Between the time of receiving it, and the time of setting it up, there was a delay of "about" five months; for it must be remembered, that, to be ready for all parts of our widely-extended country, we make up the numbers of the work about three months, and begin to print them about two months, before their date.

2. That the article was altered by the gentleman, who assisted in my office during my absence in the East, without my knowledge or consent. To me he has rendered an apology, which it is not necessary to give the public; but the first I knew of the alteration was when I read the article of your correspondent. This is all I have to say. Had these complaints been against me personally, I should have done as I have ever done with personalities—let them go without a word; but, as they have a bearing upon my official work—upon an interest not at all my own—I feel bound to be governed by another rule. Your correspondent may be assured, however, that neither he, nor any other man, can speak stronger words of affection, of respect, of honor toward the memory of my intimate and lamented personal friend, Professor Caldwell, than I can do myself. He was my bosom friend. His family relatives are now my bosom friends; and I am glad to know, that they will be able, every one of them, to understand the spirit and injustice of these complaints.

Respectfully, B. F. TEFFE.

Cincinnati, Dec. 3.

## A MODEL MAYOR.

The Mayor of Baltimore, Mr. Jerome, is an acknowledged temperance man. In his inaugural address to the city council, a week or two since, he rightly apprehended the true origin of crime and misery in every community, speaking as follows: "What a moral dignity would enfold the Mayor Bigelow, of Boston, did he but speak truth, and act according to his speech:—

It is with deep mortification and regret that I feel compelled to say to you, gentlemen, that most of the crime, bloodshed and violence, which have been committed in our midst, may be traced to the alarming increase of the intemperance use of intoxicating liquors; to the unwillingness manifested by our courts of justice to convict offenders against the laws, however palpable and clear may be the establishment of their guilt; to the unjustifiable leniency of judicial sentences passed upon convicted culprits, and the facility with which executive clemency is procured for the release of the guilty from crime and misery in every community, speaking as follows: "What a moral dignity would enfold the Mayor Bigelow, of Boston, did he but speak truth, and act according to his speech:—

It is with deep mortification and regret that I feel compelled to say to you, gentlemen, that most of the crime, bloodshed and violence, which have been committed in our midst, may be traced to the alarming increase of the intemperance use of intoxicating liquors; to the unwillingness manifested by our courts of justice to convict offenders against the laws, however palpable and clear may be the establishment of their guilt; to the unjustifiable leniency of judicial sentences passed upon convicted culprits, and the facility with which executive clemency is procured for the release of the guilty from crime and misery in every community, speaking as follows: "What a moral dignity would enfold the Mayor Bigelow, of Boston, did he but speak truth, and act according to his speech:—

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## EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

The New York Spectator on this subject thus remarks:—

"But now for the other side, which will give the reader an inkling of an editor's difficulties. Our correspondent complains that we impose a burden upon him by publishing the 'proceedings of the city authorities.' He feels no interest in such matters, and would have them excluded from the newspapers. Nor does he like to read 'reports of law cases.' However important the principles involved in the decisions of our civil judiciary, a higher principle has taken possession of his mind—he never goes to law at all; and he, therefore, would have these also entirely left out of the paper. Bank notes he has little to do with, adhering to a specie currency as far as possible, and the 'bank note table' he desires us to expurgate. 'Price-currents,' he admits, may be useful to merchants, but he has retired from business, and they are of no service to him; they too are to be added to the list of tabooed contents. 'Obituaries' do not suit his taste either. He complains that they generally are memoirs of persons whom he never knew; and why should he be required to read them? He says he pays for his paper, and ought to have such reading as will suit him. Perhaps, seeing, that he has passed into a ripe old age, obituaries are especially distasteful.

But the catalogue of desired omissions is far from complete. Discussions—protracted controversies—of all kinds are our friend's abomination. He has lived long enough to have his own opinions most firmly fixed, and thinks every person should have reached the same point, or at least that arguments should not be thrust into his face every time he takes up his newspaper. 'Coroner's inquests' he dislikes, and would have them omitted. 'Letters from Washington,' or elsewhere, he thinks are very foolish things—certainly not worth paying for—and especially if the writers presume to indulge in conjectures or speculations. His own mind is not speculative, and he holds 'opinions' to be foolish. Please add 'correspondence' to the omitted matter. Also 'Advertisements,' for our friend does not think he 'ought to pay for them as reading matter.' 'Congressional news' is of no value now, he thinks, to the list of matter to be left out. In making these requests he admits that with increase of years he comes increased fastidiousness, and he seems to have half a suspicion that the latter may be excessive. We would by no means intimate such a thing.

There are a few minor complaints in our correspondent's letter which we need not inflict upon the reader. Perhaps next week another

correspondent will desire us to discontinue editorials—another ask us to omit notices of books—a third to leave out the lighter portions of the city news column—and a fourth insist that the shipping news is of no interest. If any of these requests be acceded to, we shall be overwhelmed with remonstrances. Such are editorial difficulties—sometimes perplexing, sometimes amusing, and all teaching the lesson that a consistent course—with integrity for the motive power and common sense for judgment at the helm—is the only safe path in which to walk; and that such a path leads ordinarily to success and honor. Perhaps no man more than a conscientious editor learns the important lesson of doing right and patiently waiting for his vindication.

An illustration of these editorial difficulties may be added to the above, for since it was written we have received a letter from a subscriber, complaining of the omission, from last week's country edition, of one of the commercial tables which our fastidious friend thinks ought not to be inflicted upon him. "Thus runs the world away."

## TEMPERANCE PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

It is gratifying to the American laborer in the great moral vineyard to receive encouraging tidings from across the ocean. In whatever there contributes to the true glory of the people, we of the New World, from our relationship, language and general identity of interests, take an especial pride. In regard to the temperance cause, the National Temperance Chronicle says:—

"Our march tells on society. Public opinion is changing. Public habits are improving. Public morals are being elevated and purified. A multitude of good men are giving in their adhesion to the cause. The friends of the young are feeling the importance of training them in the principles of true temperance, and we are encouraged in the belief that public opinion will ere long be entirely favorable to the advancement of the cause. The pulpit is now very seldom occupied with philippics against intemperance. The subject can be broached in any respectable paper, without provoking angry feelings and bitter contempt. The newspaper press (at once the source and expression of public opinion) is recognizing the importance of our work. Our periodical literature is becoming richly imbued with a teetotal spirit, and lends its powerful influence to the great reformation of our national habits. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer declares, that the habits of the people are changing." Glorious!

## WORDSWORTH-BYRON.

It is only by understanding and keeping in view the exact office of poetry, that any fair defence can be made for such writings as those of Byron. The beneficent influence of such a poet as Wordsworth, no one will dispute. He not only leads to reflection, but to reflection of the purest kind. He has taken it for his province even to correct many associations, which other poets finding in the minds of men, have taken advantage of without calculating their tendency. It has been his peculiar achievement to extend our sympathies toward the neglected and forgotten, towards the humble and the weak, who need them none the less because they have few qualities to attract them. Witness that little piece, "The Cumberland Beggar," which throws so singular a charm over a torpid, slow, old man, creeping along the highway with his head bent to the earth, not more by age and infirmity than with sluggish apprehension. The old man creeps along with scarce a thought—no feelings, no sentiment is infused into his mind—no ideal grace is added to his figure—there is nothing in all this picture but the simplest reality—there is nothing new but the poet's heart, which, however, has circled its object with so singular an interest, that it is impossible for any one who has read the poem, ever again to look with apathy upon one of those old children of the earth. Of such writings there will not be two opinions. But what are we to say of his contemporary, Byron? His teaching extends not our sympathies but our contempt over mankind, and justifies this arrogance towards others by an equal self-disparagement. He teaches his pupil to despise the homely expedient of regulating the passions of his own bosom, and to preserve the tumult, and with it the will license of infinite complaint. In his own vivid phrase, we are "half dust, half deity." He does not raise what is in us of divine, but teaches us perpetually to contemplate with bitterness that part which is dust and clay. He teaches half the lesson, and there leaves his tortured and disquieted reader. If every book, especially of poetry, were looked on as a sole instructor, who would not feel compelled to denounce such writings? But many books, many thoughts, much contradictory, and perplexing, and turbulent matter, go to the making up of a cultivated mind. Every mode of thinking has its place; and the very best is not the best until it has been viewed in juxtaposition with others. He who has read, and felt, and risen above the poetry of Byron, will be for life a wiser man, for having once been thoroughly acquainted with the morbid sentiments which there meet with so full and powerful an expression. And so variously are we constituted, that there are some who find themselves best roused to vigorous and sound thinking by an author with whom they have to contend. There are those, who can better quiet their own perturbed minds by watching the extravagances of a stronger man than themselves, than by listening to placid strains, however eloquent. Some there are, who seem destined to find their entrance into philosophy, and into its calm recesses, through the avenue of moody and discontented reflection.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## A CHAMPION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The papers are furnishing an interesting account of Miss Webber, a young Belgian lady, who stands pre-eminent among the advocates of woman's rights. Her practice is in accordance with her theory, and she wears male attire and carries on a farm. She is handsome, only twenty-four years old, dresses in the Parisian fashion of black dress coat and pants, with buff vest. Her defence of the practice is racy. The nether garment (she says) was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judea. The exclusive claim which man so pertinaciously maintains to the use of this garment, is arbitrary, without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she assigned to man is the natural token of his sex. Miss Webber claims in addition every civil, political and ecclesiastical right for woman, and it is said that her every word, look and action is characterized with the most refined womanly delicacy. She should come to America, and be lionized.











For the Herald and Journal.

## LINES

ADDRESS TO THE HERALD AND JOURNAL.

We hail thee with increased delight,  
Since thy devoted staff,  
To dispel the moral night  
Thou shaldest our happy land.

We love thee with a purer love,  
And come to seek thy brow  
With laurels that hast won, to prove  
Our ever faithful vow.

We speak for thee extended fame,  
A glorious career;  
So bright, and pure, that on thy name  
No stain shall ever appear.

Then speed thee on, in truth's own way,  
Thou messenger of light;  
O'erthrow the wrong, O chase away  
Our country's darkest blight.

South Yarmouth.  
\*New Subscribers.

## MARINER'S HYMN.

By MISS HANNAH P. COULD.

Father in Heaven, our prayer is to Thee;  
O guide us, and save us, while roaming the sea!  
The winds inspire them, the waves thy voice obey;  
With mercy inspire them, and smile on our way.

Thou art Almighty! but feeble are we;  
And lost, if thou leave us alone on the sea.

Down in the fathomless depths of the flood,  
Lies hosts that were slain with no shedding of blood;  
Their eyes quenched forever, their warm hearts made cold;  
Where, worthless, are strewn precious gems and pure gold.

Thou, at whose mandate the Death-Angels fly,  
Great Spirit of Life, keep us now, or we die!

Billow mountains around us may rise,  
And sabbowling storms sweep wild o'er the skies;  
Our bark may be lashed by the surge and the blast—  
To dread heights be tossed, or in yawning gulfs cast—  
Death armed with terrors, his work shall perform;  
O God! if thou hear us—Thou art our Father.

Father in Heaven, by night or by day,  
With moonbeams and stars, or the sun, light our way!  
O! breathe in the breezes, our canvass to fill—  
And when waves are raging, say, "Peace be ye still!"

Thou art Eternal! of few days are we;  
Uphold thy frail children who roam o'er the sea.

## SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

## FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW—CONSTITUTION—RESERVED RIGHTS.

MR. EDITOR:—The people of the free States are charged with threatening to violate the Constitution of the United States. Are they guilty or not guilty? I answer, not guilty! But do they not threaten to violate the Constitution by the recently enacted Fugitive Slave Law? I answer, yes! But this Fugitive Slave Law and the Constitution are not only very different things, but they are also very opposite to each other in their character—quite antagonistic; so much so that obedience to the law would be a violation of the Constitution, and a violation of the law would be obedience to the Constitution. But was not the law made to carry into effect a provision of the Constitution? Very true. But neither that, nor the Constitution, nor any other provision of the Constitution, imposes on the Congress of the United States the absolute obligation to enact any law to carry into effect the design of that provision. Congress is left to be its own judge of its duty with regard to constitutional provisions of that nature. They contain in themselves all the elements of law, and need no other law to aid their enforcement. But if it were the case that the Constitution did make it the duty of Congress to enact a law, to carry into effect the provision in question, it does not require that body to enact such a law as the Fugitive Slave Law. The truth is, the enactment of this law on the part of Congress is altogether a gratuitous act. Both branches of the Federal Legislature have voluntarily and from the promptings of their own servile hearts passed a law, which offers a gross insult to the people of the free States, inflicts a grievous wrong on a suffering, oppressed and outraged class of human beings, and disgraces the nation before the whole world. And this is but a part of the crime of which they are guilty. They have actually violated the Constitution in several of its most important provisions. And they have done this in so palpable a manner that it does not require the acumen of a lawyer or a statesman to see it. Those who are gifted with but a moderate share of common sense see the glaring discrepancies between the law and the Constitution, the opinion of Attorney General Crittenden to the contrary notwithstanding. Any one who will take the pains to collate these two documents cannot fail to see the points of disagreement between them. Let the 24th paragraph of section 9 of article I of the Constitution be compared with the last clause of the 6th section of the law, and the conclusion cannot be avoided, that that clause suspends the writ of habeas corpus. The only attempt I have seen to avoid it, is to deny that the habeas corpus writ is a process. But no fair minded man would resort to such a subterfuge. Let again the 24th paragraph of section 9, article I, and also article 7 of the amendments be compared with the 6th section of the law, and it will be seen that the right of trial by jury is a constitutional right, and that the law denies to the fugitive slave that right. The only way to avoid this conclusion is either to take the position that remaining away from slavery is no crime, or that a man's liberty is not worth more than \$20. But once more, let section 1 article I be compared with the 4th section of the law, and it will be seen that the law violates the Constitution by creating a new law not required to serve during "good behavior," and not having a stated compensation or salary, as required by the Constitution, but instead thereof, it furnishes no guarantee at all of good behavior, and offers a bribe of \$5 to furnish a certificate to the claimant of the fugitive, that will insure his own safe return with his victim, to the land of bondage. Several other instances of antagonism, of minor importance, might be pointed out between the Constitution and the law, and indeed the whole tenor and spirit of the latter is in perfect conflict with that of the former. There is, however, one point more, so vital in its character, that it ought not to be passed over without consideration. It is the direct contact in which this law comes with religious liberty. The "free exercise of religion" is secured to the people of the United States by article I of the amendments of the Constitution. The Christian religion, the prevailing religion professed in the country, requires that "all things whatsoever we would that men should do unto us, we should do even so to them." This is the substance of the law by which Christians are bound to be governed. If a Christian should be escaping from bondage, fatigued and fainting, cold and hungry, and call at the door of a human habitation, would he not desire the hospitalities of that habitation, and the protection of its inmates against his pursuers? And does not the exercise of our religion require that we should extend the same hospitalities and the same protection to others under the same circumstances? But an evasion of this conclusion may be attempted by supposing the language "exercise

of religion," to have no reference to the practice of the duties of religion, but only to the observance of its forms and ceremonies. But it should be remembered that many discard all forms, and make this religion to consist only in the exercise of virtues. If, therefore, the evader be right, such could claim no right of protection in the exercise of their religion, from the Constitution. In that case the protection would only extend to particular classes of religionists, which shows the fallacy of the supposition. The only legitimate conclusion is, that the Fugitive Slave Law prohibits, under pains and penalties, the free exercise of the religion of Jesus Christ. It not only forbids us to obey the "higher law," the law to which we cannot refuse obedience, only on the peril of our souls, but it also attempts to rob us of one of the most vital and valuable of our constitutional rights. I had hoped that when Professor Stuart had desecrated the sacred office of the ministry and his high reputation as a scholar in his attempt to countenance and sustain the usurpations of slavery, that it would have been the last instance of the kind I should ever hear of in the land of the Pilgrims. But it is not so. Several prominent clergymen, professed ministers of the benevolent religion of Jesus, in the metropolis of New England, have stooped to follow the base example. Shall we longer wonder that infidelity stalks so boldly about in the land? But these gentlemen will be useless say: the people are bound to respect and obey the Constitution of the country, and that it is the duty of ministers of the Gospel to teach the people their duty. To all this I fully assent. I too would teach them the importance of the same duty. But I would not charge them with disrespect and disobedience to the Constitution, because they refuse to obey the Fugitive Slave Law. On the contrary, I would say to them: that they could not show higher respect, or yield more cordial submission to that instrument than by refusing obedience to the law in question. But the question is asked, have the people a right to judge of the constitutionality of the laws enacted by Congress and the State legislatures? I answer, yes. It is one of their reserved rights. The 9th and 10th articles of the amendments of the Constitution secure to them all the powers not delegated by the Constitution to the United States, or prohibited to it, by the States, and forbid any construction of the Constitution which shall deprive the people of any rights retained by them. The people by their Constitution have not delegated to either branch of the United States Government, nor to the Government in its aggregate capacity, the exclusive right to decide the constitutionality of the laws which may be passed from time to time by the State Legislatures. I do not understand that the Constitution invests the Supreme Court of the United States with power to settle constitutional questions, only by giving it appellate jurisdiction, which is very far from being an exclusive power. That court has the right to settle any question only when they are brought before it, by a series of legal steps. There may be ten thousand instances in which legislative enactments infract the Constitution that may never be brought to the notice of the Supreme Court. Must the people submit to have their most invaluable rights, and among them the rights of conscience, trampled upon by their own legislative creatures, without the possibility of protection, till the tardy and tedious process is passed through by which the Supreme Court of the United States settles constitutional questions? By no means. When the case is so plain that public sentiment pronounces a law unconstitutional, it is the right of the people not only to refuse obedience, but also to set at defiance all attempts to enforce it. If there should be but a small minority who should judge the law unconstitutional, the case would be different. They would have the right to enjoy their opinion, and to express it, and publicly to vindicate it, and they would also have the right to suffer any penalty the law might inflict on them, but not to attempt a forcible resistance to the authorities. What we are to understand by the people, as the term is used in the Constitution, is the mass. It is to the mass that the reserved rights belong, and therefore they alone can assert, defend and enjoy them. So long as the mass keep within the pale of their reserved rights, their acts are not only in harmony with the Constitution, but the authority of their acts is above the authority of the Constitution. The people do not belong to the Constitution, but the Constitution belongs to the people. I am aware that I shall be charged with teaching insurrection. But against what do I teach insurrection? Do I teach insurrection against the Constitution—against constitutional laws—against conscience—against the government of God? No! Not against any of these. But I teach insurrection against a notoriously unconstitutional law—a law that not only violates the most sacred guarantees of the Christian religion, but also the holiest precepts of the Christian religion. Against such a law I teach insurrection, and practice it, too, whenever an opportunity offers. President Fillmore, in his late message to Congress, says: "The Government of the United States is a limited Government. It is confined to the exercise of powers especially granted, and such others as may be necessary for carrying those powers into effect; and it is at all times an especial duty to guard against any infringement on the just rights of the States." I would ask President Fillmore if he is not equally "at all times an especial duty to guard against any infringement on the just rights" of the people? The people hold their rights by a stronger and higher tenure than the States. These reserved rights are natural and original, not delegated except by their Maker. State rights are such as are delegated by the people either directly or through their federal or local constitutions. It would have been fitting for the President to have shown, at least, as much respect for the rights of the people as for the rights of the States. But the people from whom there is any danger of resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law, are the "thoughtless, the inconsiderate, misled by their passions, and their imaginations." They constitute, however, the great mass of the people of every class and every occupation, throughout the free States. And doubtless there are many of the same description in the slave States, and they dare to exercise their constitutional right of freedom of speech. The President may yet learn what the people have applied the above epithets, and learn it to his sorrow, as it may be too late to retrieve the wrong inflicted on a constitution-loving and law-abiding people. I do not hesitate to give to the great body of the people in the free States this character, notwithstanding they have determined to refuse obedience to an infamous and grossly unconstitutional legislative enactment. Coming as such language does from the Chief Magistrate of the nation, it may not be considered as an insult, by the people, but it will be felt, and deeply too, as a wrong.

P. CRANDALL.

## PLAUTUS AND SLAVERY.

Plautus lived about 200 years before the Christian era. It is interesting to see how the same essential questions come up in ages far apart, and under circumstances the most various. In one of his plays—*Rudens*—the plot turns on an unsuccessful attempt to recover fugitive slaves. Two female slaves escaping from a slave-dealer during a shipwreck, and gaining the shore near Cyrene, take refuge in the temple of Venus. The owner demands them, but the priestess of Venus

refuses to surrender them on the ground that the law protects them from seizure if they can but reach the altar of the goddess. The owner still endeavors to gain possession of them, but is driven off by violence, and the liberty of the girls is maintained. Two thoughts have come to our mind in reading this play.

1. On the whole, was it not creditable to the country that the temple of one of the gods should be a safe shelter for an innocent girl who had been kidnapped in her childhood, and who now was escaping from bondage. To say the least, was it not fitting that the priestess should use all legal means to secure the freedom of these poor fugitives? Would it accord with our ideas of the religious office in a heathen land even for a priestess to protect the fugitives, rather than to ascertain for practical purposes what power the law gave to seize him and lead him back? We think there are few persons who would not prefer to see a minister over-zealous for human freedom rather than human slavery. It is certainly best of all that he should stand, if possible, precisely on the truth; but if he should chance to err it had better be on the side of humanity—on the side of man, rather than on the side of the money.—Ch. Register.

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE FUGITIVES.

"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"

I have read many things in the Herald, both from the pen of the editor and correspondents, that I have liked exceedingly well; but for some time past I have been anxious to learn of some movement by which, what I suppose to be the present sufferings of those who have fled to Canada as a city of refuge.

Although the Government of Victoria affords that protection they sought in vain in our free States (?) we cannot reasonably expect that their want of clothing, food, &c., will be supplied from Canada or Great Britain. And unless there is something done of which I have not heard, I think it important that there should be some means to alleviate the sympathy of the people may follow in some shape that will be of some substantial service. Numbers have assured me that if there was some medium through which it could be done, they would aid them.

By the request of some whose opinion I highly regard, I have written to my brother, J. C. Aspinwall, who spent considerable time five years since in begging for the fugitives then in Canada, and in travelling among them,—proposing to him to go among them again, and be the almoner of those who wish to aid them, and I received a reply from him last evening in which he assured me that he had seen any way to be released from his district he would have been among them before this time, but that there is no chance for him to go this winter.

Now, Bro. Stevens, if you, or some one else, will tell us of the suitable man who can and will go, I have no doubt he will find the aid necessary to assist him in a labor of love.

N. W. ASPENWALL.

Gilesum, N. H., Dec. 13.

## LADIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

## ONE HUNDRED DYING SAYINGS OF THE WIVES OF METHODIST PREACHERS.

"Our people die well!"—DR. NEWTON.

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR:—I have frequently inquired, when I have seen the names of the wives of the fair, uniting their temporal interests with those who have no "cottage in the wilderness," and whose bright hopes for the future were founded only upon the general promises of God, what could be the real motive which determined their course of life. It could not be they sought a life of ease and temporal felicity; for the wife of the itinerant sees in prospect, privations and toils, as great as a Christian faith can well endure. It could not be that they closed their eyes to the real circumstances in which they were about to place themselves, and saw only the romance connected with such a life—their intelligence and piety would forbid it. I have looked, after the difficulties which they had seen in prospect had become sad realities, to mark how they were then affected. All, to be sure, have not evinced the same spirit of meekness, resignation, and moral heroism; yet, when on the borders of the grave, a retrospection of the whole of life has been taken, I have never known an instance in which a solitary regret has been uttered, that the best of life had been devoted to the service of God in the itinerancy. The wife of a minister of the Gospel has directed their course and given them surpassing opportunities for usefulness, has sweetened the cup of affliction, and added new joys in the hour of dissolving nature. The examples which follow, do not belong exclusively to the wives of the itinerant; they embrace the "sayings" of those whose companions were connected with every department of our work, from the episcopacy to the lowliest of the laity. They show that those whose great business has been to make others happy, have not themselves been deprived of happiness. God has watched over those who have smiled through their tears, to give encouragement to the wavering, and support to the strong, and will permit them to share in the stars which their husbands have gained to deck the crown of their rejoicing forever.

"Christ is exceedingly precious; he is glorious in all his offices. I shall soon be with him."—Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. Wm. Black, of Halifax, N. S., aged 72.

"I have confidence in God, that when I die, angels will carry my soul to the paradise of God."—Mrs. Betsey, wife of Rev. Raphael Gilbert, aged 34.

"The longer I suffer, the better I feel."—Mrs. Julia A., wife of Rev. J. R. Potts, aged 30.

"Glory, glory to God, for all his blessings. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and waft my soul to immortal joys."—Mrs. Hetty, wife of Rev. J. Smith, aged 40.

"O, my dear, (addressing her husband,) preach holiness of heart. I never until lately felt the necessity of holiness; neither have I until lately enjoyed it as I do now."—Mrs. Julia A., wife of Rev. John Moffat, aged 24.

"You (addressing her husband) must give me up. I am going to heaven! Take care of the children, and don't let them stand; pull them to heaven with you."—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. R. Dozier, aged 49.

"Glory, glory, bless the Lord! O, the goodness of God, to stoop so low as to visit such a poor creature as I am! I was weak, but I am strong! Thank the Lord! O, he is coming,

he is coming! My Saviour smiles, and bids me come! I shall soon join the general assembly and church of the first-born! O, heavenly views!"—Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. W. Simmons, aged 29.

To a friend, who remarked to her, "You are sinking fast," she replied, "Thank God, I shall be the sooner at home." Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Wm. Clay.

"O, I shall soon be singing in heaven."—Mrs. S., wife of Rev. J. W. Hill, aged 23.

"That God, on whom I have leaned in my sickness, and who has supported me in my affliction, will not leave me now."—Mrs. Minerva, wife of Rev. Merritt Bates, aged 25.

"Jesus will provide; Jesus is my all."—Mrs. Mary W., wife of Rev. S. Gosling, aged 41.

"O, what music in heaven! Farewell, (addressing her husband,) go on and preach the Gospel. God will be with you."—Mrs. Sarah W., wife of Rev. J. W. Clark.

"Blessed be the name of Jesus."—Mrs. E., wife of Rev. F. Macartney.

"My beloved husband, all is safe. Jesus has given me himself and heaven."—Mrs. Lucy, wife of Rev. Jesse Nicholson, aged 64.

"All is well."—Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Rev. J. W. Hill, aged 23.

"Glory, glory, glory! Heaven, heaven! Praise the Lord, all ye angels, praise him, everything that has a tongue, for his mercies to me. I shall get safe to heaven, perhaps before morning. I have got a firm hold on Jesus; he is my only prop."—Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. John Walker, aged 67.

"I know that my Redeemer lives. Victory, victory, victory."—Mrs. Ruth, wife of Rev. Lewis Merwin, aged 45.

"B. C. Eastman, aged 38.

"For forty years the sting of death has been taken away."—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. J. O. Cromwell, aged 77.

"My dear husband, I am very near my end. Since our union it has constantly been my study to make you happy. I am now about to leave you. I go with a conscience void of offence. I have indeed, erred many times in many things, but not intentionally. I feel that God forgives me, and you will. I have felt myself unjust to the responsibilities of a minister's wife, but if I have been loved and loved better, I might have been more useful. You are engaged in preaching the Gospel; let nothing call you from it. Call sinners to repentance."—Mrs. M. V., wife of Rev. W. Marsh, aged 20.

"I am not alarmed, however it may terminate with me. I have not waited until now to prepare for this hour. I enjoy a calm, settled peace, and I have enjoyed constant peace for several months past."—Mrs. A. A., wife of Rev. J. Watson, aged 30.

"O, the goodness and mercy of God! Had I strength I could shout his praise aloud; but this poor frame is too weak. Soon I shall have lungs that will not wear out, and a body that will be immortal; then I will praise him in glory, to all eternity."—Mrs. M. M., wife of Rev. J. Bernard, aged 29.

"Christ is precious! all is well."—Mrs. Cynthia, wife of Rev. R. C. Putney, aged 25.

"Although the body may be racked with pain, yet the soul may triumph in God."—Mrs. Mary J., wife of Rev. M. Mattison.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Mrs. Sarah, wife of S. Prettyman.

"Addressing her husband, 'Precious holiness.'—Mrs. Julia R., wife of Rev. J. R. Jewett, aged 36.

"O, my dear, sorrow not; for although I shall be called to leave you at the beck of my heavenly Master, I enjoy the pleasing anticipation that it won't be long until we shall meet in a heaven of love."—Mrs. Mary H., wife of Rev. John Bayne, aged 26.

"The will of the Lord be done."—Mrs. Ruth, wife of Rev. Asahel Langdon, aged 66.

"Some might call my three months' confinement a bed of affliction, but not so with me. I experience such sweet resignation, that I lose all my own will, and can praise the Lord for all I suffer."—Mrs. Ruth, wife of Rev. Ezra Tuttle, aged 80.

"Jesus is precious."—Mrs. Martha, wife of Rev. Wm. Thatcher, aged 65.

O. C. BAKER.

## MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

## ANOTHER LABORER HAS FALLEN.

Joseph Lull died in Cazen, Nov. 2, aged 62 years and 10 months. By request of this dying saint and father in the Gospel, I was called to stand by his bedside. He had previously expressed a belief that his work was done, and that he should soon leave the scenes of earth. He wished to leave a few facts with some preacher of the travelling connection, and as I was laboring nearest to him, I was privileged with visiting "the chamber where the good man met his fate;" and with much exertion he communicated the following facts, viz:—

That he was born in Pembroke, N. H., Jan. 2, 1788. He was awakened from his slumbers of spiritual death at the age of twelve years, but did not experience religion until the age of seventeen. His experience was of rather a marked character—bright, clear, and attended with a sense of the holiness of God. He was converted under Martin Ruter, Presiding Elder, in what was then the New England Conference.—Preached as a local minister thirteen years. He was received into the travelling connection in 1810, and preached in that relation twenty-five years. During this time it may be truly said, that he "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And now, as the hour of dissolution approaches, he is comforted with the belief that some souls have got to heaven through his instrumentality. He says, "I have had considerable success on almost every circuit. Have had no special difficulties, though some prejudices have arisen; but I resign all the hands of God."

He was cheerful and happy, and frequently smiled as he talked of the presence of Jesus Christ and the sweet seasons of past experience. He rested with perfect confidence in God; expressed a desire to be useful still, but a stronger desire to "depart and be with Christ."

Being attended by his wife and daughter, about 9 in the evening he requested his wife to retire to rest, while his daughter watched with filial care at his bedside, entertaining strong hopes of a loved father's recovery; but it was appointed unto him to die. He requested her to raise him up; she did so, and as she supported him in a sitting posture on his bed, he addressed her thus:—

"I have learned to trust in God from my youth, and now I am not afraid to die," and suddenly expired without a struggle. Thus suddenly and peacefully he passed from earth, to join the sainted company above, and receive his rich reward.

His character as a man, so far as we have learned, was unspotted; and as a preacher, he was held far above mediocrity in the minds of those with whom he labored and died.

Father Lull has left a widow and four or five children to mourn his loss; but their mourning is full of hope.

This short sketch it is probable, will meet with some dissatisfaction on the part of older

brethren in the ministry, who were well acquainted with Father Lull, who could have given more general satisfaction if they had written themselves. But I have done what was in my power considering the limited acquaintance which I had with him, and the few facts which were furnished me.

Oisfield, Dec. 10. SWANTON RANKS.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

ABIGAIL SPENCER was a member of our Sabbath School. Blessed with pious parents and early religious instructions, she was, like many children in similar circumstances, not subject of frequent awakenings. But it was not till toward the close of her protracted illness that she obtained a clear sense of pardon, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding. She died on her birthday at the age of sixteen, in full and glorious hope.

C. ADAMS.

Lowell, Worthen St., Dec. 2.

Mrs. SALLY SPAULDING died in Hudson, Nov. 19, aged 52 years. During the last twenty years, Sister Spaulding has been a living witness of experimental piety. Her last sickness was protracted and distressing, but endured with a firm trust in her Redeemer. At times, however, she was disturbed with doubts and fears, her former spiritual strength in a measure forsaking her. But about three weeks previous to her death grace triumphed, and she received an unusual manifestation of the presence of the Saviour, which enabled her to rejoice with unspeakable joy, while the most triumphant feelings of grace imparted fullness to her soul. She continued in this happy frame of mind, until without a struggle she departed to be with Christ, which is far better.

ISAAC W. HUNTLEY.

Hudson, N. H., Dec. 6.

MR. DAVID HOLBROOK died at the residence of Mr. Peter Littlefield, Prospect, Me., Dec. 2, at the age of 86 years. When a mere lad he enlisted in the service of his country, in the struggle for national freedom. The principles of true republicanism, as he then embraced them, he always loved and honored. As a man his virtues were many. But the principal praise of Father Holbrook arises from other circumstances. In the year 1800, in some part of Coos Co., N. H., his heart responded to the calls of the Methodist itinerant for volunteers in the cause of Christ. He became a Christian, and a member of the M. E. Church. The next year he moved to the town of Prospect, in the District of Maine. He was then the only Methodist in town. The itinerant in his wanderings found his house and found there a home. Soon after, a class was formed, consisting of four members, of which Father H. was appointed leader. Though Methodism had been preceded by Congregationalism, and though some twenty-five years after this, the Congregationalist preacher felt himself constrained to warn the people from house to house against attending upon the ministry of Methodists, Father H. lived to see Methodism spread and take deep root in all this region.

During the last half century, he lived to evince the genuineness of his experience—the purity of his faith—the ardor of his love and the steadfastness of his hope. The Bible was his favorite book. For the last few years, from a total failure of sight, he has been unable to read the word of life except from memory, and this he continued to the close of life. Sacred songs were his delight. When old, feeble and unable to sit up, his remaining strength was employed in singing praise to God. Such a man could well say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

M. R. HOPKINS.

Searsport, Dec. 9.

BRO. WM. PARROTT died in Lubec, Me., Sept. 25, aged 70 years. He was a consistent Christian, and worthy member of the M. E. Church for twenty-nine years. The summons was sudden, but he was ready and waiting for the coming of the Lord. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

E. H. SMALL.

Lubec, Dec. 4.

Rev. Moses BROWN died in Hampden, Me., Oct. 8, aged 50 years. Bro. Brown professed religion about thirty-five years since—subsequently commenced preaching the Gospel of Christ, and joined the Maine Annual Conference in 1831. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Healding in '33, and elder by the same in '38. After a number of years, he located, in his last sickness was long and severe, but all was borne with Christian patience, and his death was peaceful. Peace to his memory.

CYRUS HIGGINS died in Hampden, Me., Oct. 30, aged 61 years. Bro. Higgins experienced religion at an early age—about twenty-six years ago—soon joined the M. E. Church in this place. His life and death were such as becometh a disciple of Christ.

Miss SOPHONA D. MAYO, a worthy member of the M. E. Church in this place, died Sept. 20, aged 20 years—a bright flower early faded, lent to bloom on high.

H. C. TILTON.

Hampden, Me., Dec. 12.

## DYSPEPTIC PRECEPTS.

1. Eat your bread, especially leavened wheat bread, hot from the oven. Never let it be a day old. Bread two or three days old is a terrible anti-dyspeptic.

2. Take a very little exercise, but let that little be always just after meals, never just before them.

3. Sit up late at night, and be abed late in the morning. Early hours, and exercise before meals are worse against dyspepsia, if possible, than bread two or three days old.

4. Do not laugh or talk much, nor read loud, nor sing; but sit moping and thinking about your meals.

5. Smoke or chew tobacco—I do not say a great deal; because if you begin, the great deal will be almost sure to follow.

You may heighten the efficacy of the above rules in various ways—by taking alcoholic drinks ever so moderately; or by eating from a variety of dishes at the same meal—the greater the better; or by taking a smack between every two meals.

But these latter refinements and additions are superfluous. You may rely upon the five precepts to give you, or to keep you as beautiful a case of dyspepsia as ever baffled a doctor, or worried a patient.

By way of filling up, allow us, if you please, gentle reader, to add:—

1. Let the soles of your shoes be very thin, that dampness may easily penetrate.

2. Seldom, if ever, ventilate your room, especially your sleeping room. Let the atmosphere be confined and impure as may be.—Surgical Journal.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 6 CHAS. H. PEIRCE, Agent.

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